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### Review of New Books.

#### ROYAL FAMILY OF ENGLAND.

*A General History of the House of Guelph, or Royal Family of Great Britain, from the earliest Period in which the Name appears upon Record, to the Accession of His Majesty King George the First to the Throne. With an Appendix of Authentic and Original Documents.* By Andrew Halliday, M. D. Domestic Physician to his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence. 4to. pp. 472. London, 1821.

NOTWITHSTANDING the republican spirit of our political institutions, and the bluntness of British loyalty, we much doubt that there is any nation in which the attachment to the monarch and the monarchy is so strong or so sincere, as in England. Such being the case, whatever relates to the reigning family cannot fail of exciting a deep interest in every Briton.

Gibbon, who wrote a 'Dissertation on the Antiquities of the House of Brunswick,' published in his posthumous works, says, 'An English subject may be prompted by a just and liberal curiosity, to investigate the origin and story of the House of Brunswick, which, after an alliance with the daughters of our kings, has been called by the voice of a free people to the legal inheritance of the crown.' Gibbon unhappily did not live to finish his researches, but the House of Brunswick possesses such well-founded claims to antiquity and importance, that it has engaged a more than ordinary share of the attention of genealogists and historians. The celebrated Leibnitz, who passed the last forty years of his life at the court of the Duke of Hanover, became the architect of a monument which this family were ambitious of raising to the glory of their name. His labours were published in several volumes, and laid the foundation of 'Ecard's Origines Guelphicæ,' which form five folio volumes. The Italian branch has been illustrated by Muratori in his

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*Antichita Estense.* But, with the exception of the dissertation of Gibbon, which he unhappily did not live to finish, and some trifling histories of the family published on the accession of George the First, which were merely translations of the ancient Brunswick Chronicles, full of fiction and falsehood, we have had no general history of a family which, on account of its rank and antiquity, is so well entitled to notice, until the publication before us, which traces the direct descent of his present Majesty through a series of thirty-three generations, and the long period of a thousand years:—

'Thirty-three generations and a thousand years,' says the author, 'occupy most certainly a small space even in the historical period of the world; but all greatness is relative; and it may be added, that there is not one family in Europe which can establish, by clear and contemporary proofs, a similar antiquity. The House of Guelph appear as sovereign princes from the earliest period of their history. If, therefore, antiquity and illustrious birth are entitled in any degree to respect, Great Britain may be proud of her present sovereign; and although George the First owed the crown more immediately to his female parent, the reader will find, by consulting the genealogical tables, that he was the only lineal descendant of the Plantagenet stem. The blood which warmed the heart of Bruce flowed also in the veins of the Elector of Hanover. It cannot fail to be remarked, in the history of this family, that while its sons acquired wealth and honours by their union with the daughters of emperors and kings, the daughters adorned the thrones of the greatest potentates in Europe and Asia.

'Could the conjectural evidence of the German antiquaries be admitted, not less than five centuries might be added to the period of our history, and fifteen generations more, of probable ancestors; but the highest ambition of human pride may be satisfied with what is certain in the pedigree of the House of Guelph. There is no sovereign house in Europe, ancient or modern, that has not been connected with, or sprung from, some branch of this family.'

In the present work, the author has not only drawn largely on the authorities we have stated, but he has pos-

sessed advantages unknown to the previous historians of this illustrious family. It appears, that during the twelve months which the Duke of Clarence lately passed in Hanover and other parts of Germany, the history and antiquities of his family occupied a considerable share of his attention; and that a number of valuable documents were collected relating chiefly to objects which had in some measure escaped the notice of preceding inquirers. These documents are of considerable importance in illustrating many doubtful points in the family history, and they are now given in an Appendix to this work, as records of the House of Guelph.

Without inquiring for the present, whether a more judicious use might not have been made of the materials which Dr. Halliday possessed, we shall proceed to analyse his work, and give a brief but succinct history of the royal family of England.

There is much of fable connected with the early history of the Guelphs, yet the diligent inquirer will discover that, at a period when the present reigning families of Europe were unheard of, or merely rising into notice, the ancestors of our sovereign were reigning princes. About the middle of the fifth century, the name Wlph, or, as it is now spelt, Guelph, first occurs as a leader or prince of the tribe of the Scyrri, a body of warriors who formerly occupied the southern shores of the Baltic, and some of the Danish islands, but at this period were in possession of what was called Noricum, the ancient Rætia, and present country of the Tyrol. In 1590, we find a Guelph commanding the Boiavarii, or Bavarians, under Childebert, King of the Franks, and acting as an auxiliary of the Romans against Autharis, the King of the Lombards. But for a century afterwards, the name chiefly occurs among the princes of the Bavarian nation, and the nobles of Lombardy, or as one of the great officers of the court of France. From 613 to 635, a Guelph was the chamberlain of Dagobert, King of France, and employed by him in correcting and



arranging the laws of the Gothic nations. This prince is said to have married a German, and to have settled in Bavaria, and from him were descended Guelph, who was Count of Bavaria in 670; Olkarius, Duke of Burgundy; Adelburtus, Count of Bavaria, and ancestor of the Marquesses of Tuscany; and Ruthardus, ancestor of the Counts of Altdorf and kings of Burgundy or Arles. Wolfhardus was the son of Adelburtus. His name, in German, signifying the 'doer of good works,' was literally translated into the Latin records of the age, and Bonifacius, Governor or Count of Lucca, and of the whole province of Tuscany, makes no contemptible figure in the days of Charlemagne:—

'After the death of Charlemagne, Louis the Pious, who succeeded him, being then a widower, determined on a second marriage. The fairest and noblest dames of the empire were invited to his court; and the beauty and accomplishments of Judith, daughter of Guelph, Count of Altdorf, and the grand-daughter of Ruthardus, was rewarded with what Gibbon calls, "a fond and feeble husband," in the person of Louis. During ten years, from 819 to 830, this daughter of Guelph enjoyed and embellished the feasts of an itinerant court; and, after passing through many vicissitudes, she died in peace and honour, in 843, leaving a posterity which reigned in France for a century and a half.'

Ethico, or Edico, the elder brother of the Empress Judith, was succeeded in 830 by his son, Guelph, who was succeeded by his son Ethico, of whose son, Henry, it is recorded,—

'That being much at the court of the Emperor Arnulph, and having consented to receive and to hold, as a fief of the empire, as much land as he could surround in one day with a chariot, he had a little vehicle made of gold, with which he mounted his fleetest horses, stationed at proper distances, and so acquired about four thousand mansi or measures of land, within the twenty-four hours. As these estates lay in Upper Bavaria, he was created duke thereof, and engaged to perform the homage of a faithful client. From this circumstance, he is styled, in the words of that period, Henry of the Golden Chariot. This degradation, for so it was considered, so disgusted his free and independent father, that in the height of despair, he retired with only twelve of his lords to the forest of Ambargau, where he erected thirteen single cells, and where he lived and ended his days, without ever seeing or forgiving his degenerate son.'

From the 'Records of the House of Guelph,' we learn, that, after the death of his injured father, Henry ventured

to visit this place of mournful solitude. Moved by the sight of its miserable condition, he determined to honour the memory of his father by providing a more comfortable abode for the remaining partakers of his solitude. There was no time for building a new monastery; he therefore removed them to Altmunster, and began the building of a new abbey at Altdorf, between the years 920 and 925, in order to have the faithful friends of his late father near him.

A lineal descendant of Henry of the Golden Chariot, was Guelph, the fourth Count of Altdorf, and second Duke of Bavaria of that name. He died in 1030, after having bestowed his daughter Cuniga, or Cunigunda, upon his kinsman Azo, the second Marquess of Este, with a dowry of eleven thousand mansi of land, in the valley of Elisina, in Lombardy. Thus were the two branches of the House of Guelph re-united.

This Azo the Second holds a conspicuous place in history. He was the common father of the German and Italian princes of the Brunswick and Este lines of the House of Guelph. As the representative of the emperor, he was officially recognized in Italy, and from his immense possessions, he was designated, among the princes of his time, by the epithet of the *Rich*. At the age of seventeen, he was proscribed as a rebel, with his grandfather, his father, and three uncles; but in his fiftieth year, we find him governing the cities of Milan and Genoa, as the minister of the Emperor, and styled by Pope Gregory VII. the most faithful and best beloved of the Italian princes. Up to his hundredth year, he continued active amidst the vicissitudes of peace and war.

Henry the Black, one of his descendants, united to the lines of Guelph and Este, that of Billung, by marrying Wilfilda, the daughter and heiress of Magnus, the last duke of the Billung race. His son, Henry the Proud, in right of his mother, was now the representative of this noble family, who had been hereditary dukes of Saxony; and, by his marriage with Gertrude, the only daughter and heiress of the last Count of Nordheim, he acquired not only a right to the remaining Saxon states, but also to the title of Duke of Saxony, and Sovereign of Supplingenburg, Nordheim, and Brunswick. The marriage of Henry the Proud was celebrated with great splendour:—

'The nuptial feast was held on

the banks of a pleasant river in the plain of Lechain, and that extensive plain was covered with tents and wooden edifices. A general invitation, had collected twenty or thirty thousand guests, consisting of princes, barons, and knights; who, with their numerous retinues, continued to keep up a festival which, by the profuse hospitality of the bridegroom, was prolonged for several weeks. In all the tournaments of chivalry Henry bore off the prize.'

By this marriage with the only lineal descendant of Wittikend, the last Saxon king, Henry also acquired a right to and assumed the armorial bearings of that sovereign: and the white horse was adopted as the crest of the Guelphic princes. In the feuds which took place in the empire, Henry distinguished himself by his bravery and his talents, but he was not successful in gaining the imperial throne to which he was entitled. He died in 1139, leaving an only son, also named Henry, Duke of Saxony, in the tenth year of his age. This child was a prince of great promise, and by his fortitude and courage very early obtained the surname of the *Lion*. His education was that of a Saxon and a soldier, and at the age of eighteen he was admitted into the diet of Frankfort, composed of men and princes, and received the order of knighthood, which had been newly instituted. Europe was then agitated with the preparations for the second crusade; but as the northern states of Germany, with their allies of Denmark and Poland, preferred a holy warfare less remote, a hundred and sixty thousand soldiers of the cross were speedily enrolled, to convert or exterminate the idolatrous Sclavi of the Baltic:—

'The young Duke of Saxony, with a numerous body of vassals and followers, formed a part of this army; and though the first campaign was neither successful nor glorious, he showed himself on a splendid theatre to the Christians and Pagans of the north. On the return of the Emperor from the Holy Land, Henry endeavoured, but without success, to wrest Bavaria from his Austrian competitor; and while he was detained on the Danube, it was announced to him that Conrad had entered Saxony with a numerous army, to deprive him also of that dukedom. "Command my vassals," replied the dauntless Henry, "to assemble at Brunswick on Christmas Day; they will find me at their head." Though the time was short, the distance long, and all the passes guarded, yet this young duke, disguising his person, with only three attendants, darted swiftly and secretly through the hostile country; and appearing on the fifth day in the camp at Brunswick,



forced his imperial adversary to sound a precipitate retreat.

From the Emperor Barbarossa Henry obtained restitution of Bavaria. His power now extended from the shores of the Baltic to the Mediterranean Sea, and he was the most opulent sovereign of his age; but he was destined to experience a sad reverse of fortune, principally owing to his ambition. He laid himself open to the censure of the empire; its law was put in force against him,—he was declared a rebel and an outlaw,—all his states were disposed of, and the country occupied by a powerful army. Henry had married the Princess Royal of England, the daughter of Henry the Second. This monarch sent an ambassador to the Emperor, but could obtain for his son-in-law no relaxation of the edict against him, except that he might leave Germany with as many of his vassals as chose to accompany him, and that Matilda should have the government of the whole of the patrimonial states restored to her and her children, to be freely and peaceably enjoyed for ever. Henry left Germany for some time, but afterwards returned and settled at Brunswick, and, assisted by Richard the First of England with a fleet and some forces, he recovered the fortress of Stade, and conquered the duchy of Holstein, but was unable to retain possession of it. Henry was afterwards enabled to make some return to Richard Cœur de Lion for this assistance. When this king, in his return from the Holy Land, was seized at Vienna by the Duke of Austria, it was decided that the king should not be liberated until security was given for a ransom of 150,000 marks of silver. Among the illustrious princes who came forward in behalf of the King of England, Otho and William of Brunswick stand conspicuous: they voluntarily offered themselves as hostages for the payment of his ransom; but Henry the Lion having negotiated the treaty for his liberation, his promise was accepted. Henry does not appear to have engaged in any further hostilities; the sovereignty of all the provinces beyond the Elbe was restored to him, and he passed the remainder of his life at Brunswick in acts of piety and benevolence.

As it is our intention to extend our notice of this work to two numbers more, we shall conclude, for the present, with a genealogical table, which traces the descent of his present Majesty in a direct line from Egbert, King of England, and Alphin, King of Scotland.

*LINEAL Descent of His Majesty King George the Fourth, from Egbert, the First of the Saxon Kings of England, and from Alphin, King of Scotland.*

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|--|--|
| 1. EGBERT, King of England, died in 837.                               | 1. ALPIN, King of Scotland, d. 833.                          |
| 2. Ethelwolf, King, d. 858.  | 2. Kenneth the First, d. 853.                                |
| 3. Alfred the Great, d. 900.   | 3. Donald the Second, d. 903.                                |
| 4. Edward the First, d. 924.   | 4. Malcolm the First, d. 958.                                |
| 5. Edmund the First, d. 948.   | 5. Kenneth the Second, d. 994.                               |
| 6. Edgar, King of England, d. 975.                                     | 6. Malcolm the Second, d. 1033.                              |
| 7. Ethelred the Second, d. 1016.                                       | 7. Beatrice, Princess of Scotland.                           |
| 8. Edmund the Second, d. 1017.   | 8. Duncan, d. 1040.  |
| 9. Edward, Crown Prince of England.                                    | 9. Malcolm the Third, d. 1093.                               |
| 10. Margaret, Queen of Scotland, sister of Edgar Atheling, d. 1093.    | 10. David the First, d. 1153.                                |
| 11. Matilda, Queen of Henry the First, of England, d. 1118.            | 11. Henry, Earl of Huntingdon, d. 1152.                      |
| 12. Matilda, Dowager Empress of Germany and Duchess of Anjou, d. 1167. | 12. David, Earl of Huntingdon, d. 1219.                      |
| 13. Henry II. King of England, d. 1189.                                | 13. Isabella, Countess of Annandale, d. 1267.                |
| 14. Matilda, Duchess of Saxony and Bavaria, d. 1189.                   | 14. Robert Bruce, Lord of Annandale, d. 1290.                |
| 15. William of Winchester, Duke of Saxony, d. 1213.                    | 15. Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, d. 1329.                 |
| 16. Otho the Infant, Duke of Brunswick and Luneburg, d. 1252.          | 16. Marjory, Princess of Scotland, married to Walter Stuart. |
| 17. Albert I. D. of Brunswick, d. 1279.                                | 17. Robert Stuart the Second, King of Scotland, d. 1390.     |
| 18. Albert II. D. of Brunswick, d. 1313.                               | 18. Robert the Third, d. 1406.                               |
| 19. Magnus I. D. of Brunswick, d. 1363.                                | 19. James the First, murdered 1437.                          |
| 20. Magnus II. Duke of Brunswick and Luneburg, killed 1373.            | 20. James the Second, d. 1460.                               |
| 21. Bernhard, Duke of Luneburg, d. 1400.                               | 21. James the Third, d. 1488.                                |
| 22. Frederick, D. of Brunswick, d. 1478.                               | 22. James the Fourth, killed 1513.                           |
| 23. Otho, Duke of Brunswick, d. 1471.                                  | 23. James the 5th, d. 1542.                                  |
| 24. Henry, Duke of Brunswick, d. 1532.                                 | 24. Mary, Queen of Scotland, beheaded 1587.                  |
| 25. Ernest the Conf. D. of Celle, d. 1546.                             | 25. James the Sixth, [and First of England,] d. 1625.        |
| 26. William, Duke of Luneburg, d. 1592.                                | 26. Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, d. 1662.                    |
| 27. George, D. of Luneburg, d. 1641.                                   |  |
| 28. Ernest Aug. Elector of Hanover, d. 1698.                           | 27. Sophia, Electress and Duchess of Hanover, d. 1714.       |
|  | George the First, King of England, d. 1721-2.                |
|  | George the Second, d. 1760.                                  |
|  | Frederick, Prince of Wales, d. 1751.                         |
|  | George the Third, d. 1820.                                   |
|  | George the Fourth, whom God long preserve.                   |



From Matilda, the eldest daughter of Henry the Second, the Dukes of Brunswick and Luneburg are lineally descended as stated in the first column of the table; and George the First and James the Second stood exactly in the same degree of relationship (the sixteenth in descent) to their common ancestor, Henry the Second. It further appears that Robert Bruce, and Otho the Infant, first Duke of Brunswick and Luneburg, were related in the same degree to Malcolm the Third of Scotland; and had Otho been a Scotsman, his claim to the crown was as good as that of either Bruce or Baliol. The young Duke of Brunswick might claim a nearer alliance to the crown of England, as the descendant of an elder brother of the Plantagenet blood; and the King of Sardinia, as the representative of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, daughter of Charles the First, is, perhaps, the most direct representative of the Stuart race; but the union of both bloods in the present Royal Family renders their claim superior to every other, although the Act of Succession had never existed.

(To be continued.)

*Picturesque Illustrations of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video; consisting of Twenty-four Views, accompanied by Descriptions of the Scenery, and of the Costumes, Manners, &c. of the Inhabitants of those Cities and their Environs.* By E. E. Vidal, Esq. 4to. London, 1820.

THE events which have occurred in the Spanish provinces in South America, during the last ten or fifteen years, have imparted to them considerable interest. The capture of Buenos Ayres, by Sir Home Popham, in 1806, may be said to have laid the groundwork of that revolution which has since extended so widely over this vast continent. The inactivity and incapacity of the viceroy, the Marquis de Sobre Monte, who abandoned the city to a small British force, was compensated by the bravery of Don Santiago Liniers, a Frenchman, who, two months after, attacked the city on different points, with success, and took the British general and his little army prisoners. This fortunate result occasioned the first step to that revolution which has since separated these provinces from the mother country; for the people of Buenos Ayres, indignant at the conduct of their viceroy, insisted on investing their deliverer with the supreme civil and military authority, with the

title of captain-general. In the following year, Monte Video was taken by a British force, under Sir Samuel Auchmuty, and afterwards ingloriously lost by General Whitelock, who, by an ignominious capitulation, agreed to evacuate the whole of the Rio de la Plata, including Monte Video.

The rank and popularity of Liniers excited the envy of Elio, the governor of Monte Video, who found means to persuade the people of the east bank to renounce their dependence on the captain-general, and to form a distinct junta, in imitation of those of Spain. Liniers was superseded by Don Baltazar Hidalgo de Cisneros, who made known to the inhabitants the declaration of the regency in Spain, which absolved the Americans from any farther dependence on the Spanish government. A congress was assembled and a junta formed; but the Spanish chiefs in Paraguay opposed it, and Liniers, abandoned by the troops he had raised, was taken prisoner and executed.

In the beginning of the year 1811, Don Jose Artigas, a native of Monte Video, offered his services to the junta of Buenos Ayres, and obtained assistance, in arms, ammunition, and troops, for the purpose of exciting insurrection on the east bank of the Plata. He has been very successful, and has contributed largely towards establishing the independence of this province:—

‘With the exception of Monte Video, Artigas has possession of the whole of La Banda Oriental, which he governs independently; and a good understanding subsists between him and the congress, whose authority, after a long struggle, carried on with various vicissitudes against the royalists on the frontiers of Peru and Chili, is now acknowledged by the whole of the provinces of Rio de la Plata.

‘These provinces, twenty in number, are divided, according to their situation, into high and low. The former are, Moxos and Chiquitos, Apalobamba, Santa Cruz de la Sierra, La Paz, Cochabamba, Carangas, Misque, Paria, Charcas, Potosi, and Atacama; the latter, Tarija, Calta, Paraguay, Tucuman, Cordoba, Cuyo, Entrerios, Monte Video, or Banda Oriental, and Buenos Ayres. The total population of this immense tract does not exceed one million three hundred thousand souls.’

Such is a brief sketch of the modern history of these provinces; we shall now notice some of their local peculiarities, as detailed in the work before us. Buenos Ayres is situated on the west bank of the Rio de la Plata, above two hundred miles from its mouth. Before it became the seat of a viceroy,

it was considered the fourth city in rank in South America, but it has since increased so rapidly in opulence and population, as to be held inferior to none but Lima:—

‘It is regularly built, the streets being perfectly straight and broad, unpaved in the middle but having footpaths on each side. The houses are supposed to amount to six thousand; and the number of inhabitants, which used to be estimated at forty thousand, is now reckoned not fewer than seventy thousand. Most of the buildings, both public and private, formerly had mud walls; but a Jesuit, who was employed to erect the church of his college, between seventy and eighty years ago, instructed the inhabitants in the art of making bricks and lime, and the city has since assumed a very different appearance. The architecture of the cathedral, and of most of the churches, is likewise ascribed to the lay-brothers of that community, who employed the Indians under their care in the execution of these and many other public works. Thus, it is recorded, that in 1688 and the following years, five hundred of these people were engaged upon the fortifications, the port, and the cathedral of Buenos Ayres. The latter is a spacious and handsome structure, having an elegant cupola and a portico, the design and execution of which are highly extolled. The interior is profusely decorated with carving and gilding. The dome contains paintings in compartments, representing the Acts of the Apostles. The church of the Franciscans, and that belonging to the order of Mercy, are next in rank; both have steeples and cupolas, nearly in the same style as those of the cathedral.

‘The climate of Buenos Ayres is proverbial for its salubrity, as is indicated by its name. Situated between the 34th and 35th degrees of south latitude, it enjoys a temperature nearly resembling that of the southern regions of Europe. It is considered as an ordinary winter when there are but three or four days on which water is slightly frozen; it is reckoned severe when this effect is more frequent. The winds here are three times as violent as at Assumption, the capital of Paraguay; the west wind, which is scarcely known at the latter city, being probably intercepted by the Andes, though more than two hundred leagues distant, is more common at Buenos Ayres. Here the winds are least boisterous in autumn, but stronger and more steady in spring and summer, when they raise clouds of dust; which sometimes darken the sun, and greatly incommode the inhabitants, soiling their clothes, and covering their apartments and furniture.

‘In this country the atmosphere is moist, and spoils the furniture, especially at Buenos Ayres, where the floors of rooms exposed to the south are always damp; the walls which have the same aspect are covered with moss, and the



side of the roof is overgrown with thick grass, nearly three feet high, so that it is necessary to clear them every two or three years, to prevent the water from lodging and soaking through. This humidity, however, is by no means prejudicial to health.

'Near the centre of the city, a little to the north of the citadel, is constructed a mole of rough stone, intended for a landing place. It is about two hundred yards long, twelve wide, and six high. Notwithstanding this projection, the river is so shoal, that boats are very seldom able to approach it, and five or six carts are constantly plying for the purpose of landing passengers. The fare is two rials, or about fifteen-pence each trip, be the distance small or great; sometimes it is but a few yards, while at others the cart must go a quarter of a mile before it reaches the boats; for with northerly and north-west winds, particularly if strong, the water is driven out of the river to such a degree, that its bed is frequently dry for that distance. It has even occurred within the last ten years, that men have gone out on horseback, on the bed of the river, to the distance of five miles from the shore, during a strong north-west wind; nay, it is related, on the most respectable authority, that, about twenty-five years ago, during a strong northerly wind, the water disappeared, and left an horizon of mud to the people of Buenos Ayres. Such a circumstance might happen, since the river is here thirty miles across, and has no more than three fathoms water in the deepest part, excepting close to the opposite shore of Colonia, where is a narrow channel of four, five, and six fathoms. A contrary effect is produced by an easterly wind, which, if violent, always raises the water at Buenos Ayres; so that in a strong gale from that quarter, the mole is sometimes covered, with the exception of the extreme point, which is higher than the rest, and has a battery of three guns. Thus these winds, according to their direction, cause the river to rise or fall, perhaps not less than seven feet. Mention is made of a phenomenon still more extraordinary, inasmuch as no satisfactory reason could be assigned for it. On one occasion, when none of those winds prevailed, the water fell to such a degree, as to recede three leagues from the shore at Buenos Ayres; in this state it remained for a whole day, and then gradually rose again to its usual height.'

'The city of Buenos Ayres is regularly supplied with milk from the surrounding *estancias*, or farms, from one to three miles distant. It is brought on horseback, in earthen or tin bottles, four and sometimes six of which are carried by each horse, in hide pockets, attached to the saddle, and laced up with a piece of thong.

'Butter, or at least any thing that deserves the name, is never made by the natives of Buenos Ayres. What they prin-

cipally use for the purposes to which we apply it, is the fat of beef melted into dripping, and packed in bladders, like lard; this they universally denominate *manteca*—butter.'

'All vegetables are dear at Buenos Ayres, as is likewise fruit, with the exception of peaches, which, in the season, are sold from ten to sixteen for a *medio*, about three-pence. The water-melons are excellent, and the most reasonable in price of all the other kinds of fruit, which, however, are not very numerous; strawberries, grapes of many sorts, figs, apples, pears, and melons, compose the list. The oranges and other similar fruit are abundant, and very good. All our common vegetables thrive at Buenos Ayres, except potatoes, which never exceed marble size, the soil being too stiff for them.'

Monte Video is situated on a small promontory, on the east bank of the Rio de la Plata, with a spacious bay on its northern side, forming a tolerable harbour for small vessels:—

'The town makes a handsome appearance from the harbour, being built upon an ascent, and the houses interspersed with trees and gardens. Few of the houses exceed one story; they are of stone and brick, and have flat roofs, without chimneys; the fire being generally kindled in the yard, or in a detached kitchen, and brought into the rooms in fire-pans, when the weather is wet or cold. The streets are broad, and intersect each other at right angles, but they are unpaved. Near the top of the town is the market-place, about three hundred yards square, and on the west a large church. There is also a convent of Cordeliers.

'Monte Video is acknowledged to be an admirable station for trade, having a tolerably good harbour, a central position for collecting produce, and the navigation of the river so far being attended with little danger. It rose, in consequence of these advantages, to be a very flourishing place; but the political revolutions which have convulsed almost the whole of Spanish America, have involved Monte Video in ruin.

'The city itself is gone to decay, and though the Portuguese, who have lately taken possession of it, are making some improvements, still, as the distracted state of the country has put an end to all commerce, the means for carrying into effect any plans for that purpose, are extremely limited. There was formerly a very extensive suburb, with many elegant villas belonging to the Spanish merchants of the city; but it has been so completely desolated during the contest for independence, that some broken walls and a part of a chapel are all that now remains of what once contained a population of six thousand souls. Previously to this struggle, there were fourteen thousand inhabitants within the walls; this number is now reduced to five thousand.'

This country is never likely to become very populous, on account of the bad state of the roads rendering intercourse so difficult; and as no gravel or stone of any kind, not even a pebble, is to be found on the west bank of the river for a hundred miles, in any direction, from Buenos Ayres, it is impossible to make good roads. The soil is a very stiff black earth, extremely retentive of water, and the country one vast flat. Wood is nearly as scarce as stone. The ordinary mode of travelling is on horseback. Some few coaches are used in Buenos Ayres, and let out to perform a journey, but the vehicles and their equipments are a caricature on posting. There are no waggons, but all carriages of burden have only two high wheels. These carts travel in convoys of from five to twenty, for owing to the nature of the country, it would be impossible for them to perform the journey singly. When the convoy arrives at a *pantano*, or bog, the difficulty of passing it is surmounted by the united strength of the cattle:—

'Six bullocks are always used; two are attached to the pole of the cart, and the other four close to each other, with a great interval between them and the two first mentioned. In this manner the four foremost oxen have passed through the *pantano*, and are on firm ground, by the time the other two have brought the cart into the bog. They all draw by a beam, lashed to the horns of each pair with hide ropes, leading from the centre of it to the pole of the cart, and to each other's beam. No reins are used, the animals being guided entirely by the enormous goad slung in front of the cart, which being balanced by a weight at its inner end, is managed by the driver with uncommon dexterity. It is a bamboo, thirty-two feet long, with a small stick eight feet more, attached to it, having a goad fastened to its extremity. At the place where they are united, there is a piece of iron in the shape of a long spear, terminating in a sharp point, which serves as a goad for the second pair of the team, and is made to act on them by the bamboo being rapidly lowered with the pulley by which it is slung. The beasts next to the cart are guided by a short hand-goad.

'No care being taken to keep the hide ropes by which the cart is drawn from trailing on the ground, the smallest mismanagement in a *pantano* may be attended with serious danger; for the ropes, if suffered to be slack, are liable to get between the bullock's legs, and throw them down; hence it is not uncommon for some of the team to be smothered in the mud, and it is then fortunate if the cart and the goods escape. The *pantanos* are often three or four feet deep, so that



the men could not venture into them, if they were inclined. When, therefore, an accident of this kind happens, the driver's only resource is the goad, which he plies most unmercifully, until by some plunge the animal either clears himself, or falls down to rise no more; in which case the rope is cut, and he is left to his fate.'

Of the costume of the females, we have the following notice:—

'Within these few years, the ladies of Buenos Ayres have adopted a style of dress between the English and French, retaining, indeed, the mantilla, which still gives it a peculiar character. No hat or bonnet is ever seen on a native lady, unless she be on horseback, when she wears a beaver hat and feather, with a riding habit.

'The *mantilla* is usually a piece of silk, about half a yard wide in the middle, and a yard and a half long, sloping to a point at each end, which is terminated by a tassel. It is worn over the head and back of the neck, and being brought over the shoulders, the ends hang down in front. No brooch or pin is used to secure it; but it is artfully and gracefully confined under the chin by one hand, or by the end of the fan, without which no woman ever stirs, and made to conceal all but the eyes, or to discover the whole face, at the pleasure of the wearer.

'In cold weather, or when they pay visits at night, they use the *rebozo*, which is a piece of cloth a yard wide, as long as the mantilla, and worn in the same manner. The *mantilla* belongs exclusively to the mistresses; and the *rebozo* is always worn by servants, whose little vanity is displayed in this part of their dress, which they are solicitous to have, if possible, of the finest cloth and most delicate colour, sometimes embroidered, or bordered with velvet or satin ribbons.

'The church dress has not undergone any change, but retains its Spanish character, and is always made of black silk, worn with white stockings and white satin shoes. It is considered indecorous to attend mass in coloured attire. Sometimes a white veil is used, and a little white is introduced into the dress of the young girls, whose clothes, being made in all respects like those of grown persons, give them an air of extreme formality.

'The children of both sexes are generally beautiful, but after the age of fourteen years, the girls cease to improve in appearance; they marry from that age upwards, and at twenty-five few retain any appearance of youth.'

An interesting account of the herdsmen shall form our last extract:—

'Azara has drawn a curious and entertaining picture of the manners of the inhabitants of the *estancias*, and the herdsmen in general of these parts, who are the least civilized of all the inhabitants; nay, indeed, their mode of life has almost reduced the Spaniards, who have embraced it, to the state of savage Indians. These

herdsmen, in the government of Buenos Ayres alone, are employed in tending ten millions of horned cattle, and about two millions and a half of horses. An *estancia*, no more than four or five square leagues in extent, is looked upon as considerable at Buenos Ayres. In the centre of these *estancias*, are placed the habitations of the herdsmen, almost all without doors or windows, for which at night they use ox-hides as substitutes.

'These people never accompany their flocks and herds to the field, as in Europe. All they do is, to go out once a week, followed by a number of dogs, and to gallop round their respective *estancias*, shouting all the while. The cattle, grazing around at liberty, begin to run and assemble at a particular spot, called *rodeo*, where they are kept some time, and then allowed to return to their pasturage. The object of this operation is to prevent the animals from straying away from the lands of their owner; and they pursue the same method with the horses, which they collect not in the *rodeo*, but in the farm-yard. The rest of the week they are employed in cutting the young steers and foals, or in breaking their horses; but the greatest part of the time they spend in idleness.

'As these herdsmen are four, ten, and thirty leagues distant from one another, chapels are rare; consequently, they very seldom or never go to mass, frequently baptizing their children themselves, or even deferring the ceremony till their marriage, because it is then absolutely required. When they go to mass, they hear it on horseback, on the outside of the church or chapel, the doors of which are kept open on purpose.

'These herdsmen have in general no other furniture in their huts than a barrel to hold water, a drinking-horn, some wooden spits for roasting meat, and a small copper-pot to boil water for making *maté*. Some have no pot; and, in this case, if they want to make broth for a sick person, they cut meat into small pieces, and put it into a bull's horn full of water, which they boil by setting it in a heap of hot ashes. A few possess a kettle and a bowl, one or two chairs, or a bench, and sometimes a bed, formed of four poles fastened to four stakes, which serve for legs, and a cow's hide thrown over them; but, in general, they sleep upon a hide spread on the bare ground. Instead of using chairs, they squat upon their heels, or sit upon the skull of a cow or horse. They never eat vegetables or salad, which they say are fit only for cattle, and will not touch any food prepared with oil, for which also they have the strongest aversion. They live entirely upon beef, roasted in the manner described in a succeeding article, (Gouchos of Tucuman,) and without salt. They have no fixed hour for their meals; instead of wiping the mouth, they scrape it with the back of the knife, and rub their hands upon their legs or their boots.

They never touch veal, and never drink till they have finished eating. The ground about their cottages is always covered with bones and with the carcasses of cattle, which, being there left to rot, produce an intolerable stench; the ribs, belly, and breast, being all that they eat, the rest of the animal is thrown away. These carcasses attract a prodigious number of birds, the incessant cries of which are a great annoyance; and the consequent corruption engenders an immense multitude of flies and insects.

'The bailiffs, master-herdsmen, or proprietors, and in general those who can afford it, wear a doublet, waistcoat, and breeches, white drawers, a hat, shoes, and a *poncho*. Their men, on the other hand, wear nothing but the *chiripa*, which is a piece of coarse woollen cloth fastened with a cord round the waist. Many of them are without shirt; but have a hat, white drawers, a poncho, and short boots, made of the skin of the legs of a foal or calf; others use wild cats' skin for this purpose. As they have no barbers, and shave themselves but seldom, and then only with a knife, they generally have very long beards. The women go barefoot, and are very dirty. Their dress commonly consists of nothing but a shift without sleeves, fastened by a girdle round the waist; very often they have not a second for change. In this case they repair occasionally to the brink of some stream, strip it off, wash it, and spread it out in the sun; when dry, they put it on again, and return home. In general, they are not engaged either in needle-work or spinning; their employment is confined to sweeping the house, and making a fire for roasting meat, and boiling water for *maté*. The wives of the master-herdsmen, or those who possess any property, are of course somewhat better clad.

'Born and bred in a desert, and having but little communication with their kind, these herdsmen are strangers to friendship, and inclined to suspicion and fraud; hence, when they play at cards, for which they have a violent passion, they usually squat upon their heels, holding their horse's bridle under their feet, lest he should run away; and they often have a dagger or knife stuck in the ground beside them, ready to dispatch the person with whom they are playing, if they perceive any disposition to cheating, in which they are great adepts. They gamble away all they possess, and with the utmost coolness. When one of them has lost his money, he will stake his shirt, if it be worth playing for; and the winner generally gives his, if good for nothing, to the loser, because none of them thinks of keeping two. When a couple are about to marry, they borrow linen, which they take off as soon as they leave the church, and return to the lenders. They have frequently neither house nor furniture, and their bed consists of a cow-hide spread upon the ground.



Uninterrupted practice, almost from their birth, renders them incomparable horsemen, either for keeping firm in their seat or for galloping continually without tiring. In Europe, they would probably be thought to want grace, because their stirrups are long, and because they do not keep their knees close, but stick out their legs, without turning their toes towards the horse's ears; but then there is not the least danger of their losing their equilibrium for a moment, or of being thrown out of their seat either in trotting or galloping, or even by the kicking, capering, or any other movement of the animal, nay, you would almost swear, that the horse and the rider formed but one body, though their stirrups are mere triangles of wood, so small as to admit only the tip of the toe. In general, they mount indiscriminately the first foal they lay hold of, even though a wild one, and sometimes they will ride bulls themselves. With the lazo fastened to the girth of their horse, they stop at the distance of eighty or ninety feet, and secure any animal whatever, not excepting a bull, by throwing the lazo at his neck and legs, and they never miss catching the leg at which they aim. If their horse should fall while going at full gallop, most of them would not receive the least injury, but pitch upon their legs by his side, with the bridle in their hands, ready to prevent his escape. By way of exercise, they desire any other person to throw the lazo at the legs of their horse while at a gallop, and they are sure to light upon theirs, though the animal should have fallen after a thousand curvets. In the use of the balls, they are not less expert than the Pampas.\*

The embellishments of this volume consist of a series of interesting and well-executed views of the romantic scenery of La Plata; and the whole work furnishes a clever, and we believe accurate, description of the provinces of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video.

*Specimens of the Russian Poets. with Preliminary Remarks and Biographical Notices.* Translated by John Bowring, F. L. S. 12mo. pp. 240. London, 1821.

ALTHOUGH we were aware that Russia was making rapid progress in the arts and sciences, as well as in civilization and political importance, yet we were by no means prepared to expect she had advanced so far in elegant literature, and particularly in poetry, as this really curious and interesting volume proves she has done. This is the more singular, if we consider the almost universal ignorance which pervaded this immense empire a century ago, when Peter the Great gave it the

first impulse towards civilization; and that Lomonosov, the father of Russian poetry, was at that time unborn.

The elegant translator and editor of the present work had it in contemplation to write a general history of Russian literature; but deemed it desirable, as a prior step, to publish a few translations. We trust that these will excite sufficient interest and patronage to induce Mr. Bowring to prosecute the task for which he has given evidence of being so well qualified. The poems here translated are the productions of thirteen different authors; namely, Lomonosov, Derzhavin, Zhakovsky, Karamsin, Khemnitzer, Bogdanovich, Kostrov, Batiushkov, Dmitriev, Krilov, Bobrov, Davidov, and Neledinsky Meletzky. Of the seven first, critical and biographical notices are added, from the pen of the illustrious Von Adelung; and an introduction is prefixed, which gives a brief notice of the progress of Russian poetry. As the subject is highly novel and interesting, we shall quote an extract from the Introduction, and then select what we deem some of the best specimens of Russian poetry:—

\* Lomonosov\* is the father of Russian poetry. It did not advance from step to step through various gradations of improvement, but received from his extraordinary genius an elevation and a purity which are singularly opposed to the barbarous compositions which preceded him. His works have been collected into six volumes; and his name, as well as that of his rival Somorokov, has already found its way, with some particulars of his life and writings, into our biographical dictionaries†

† Somorokov, whose productions are very voluminous, and were once considered models of grace, beauty, and harmony, has been much neglected of late years. His dramatic compositions are, for the most part, gross and indecent; his contemptuous jealousy of Lomonosov, though so greatly his superior, is often most ridiculously intruding itself; but in one point of view, at least, he is entitled to respect and gratitude. He is the eldest of the Russian fabulists; the introducer of a species of composition, in which Russian poetry possesses treasures more varied and more valuable than that of any other nation. It is no mean praise to say,

\* Or Broken Nose.

† Under the engravings of Lomonosov, an eulogium is generally found, of which the following is a translation:

Where Winter sits upon his throne of snow,  
Thus spoke the bright Parnassian Deity:

"Another Pindar is created now,

The king of bards, the lord of music, he."

And Russia's bosom heaved with holy glow—

"My Lomonosov! Pindar lives in thee!"

and it may be said truly, that Russia can produce more than one rival of the delightful La Fontaine. Of the dramatic writings of Somorokov, the best is the tragedy *Demitrij Samosyanetz*, or the False Demetrius.

Von Visin, who seems to have made Molière his model, improved greatly upon Somorokov. His two most celebrated comedies are *Nedorosl*, the Spoilt Youth, and *Brigadir*, the Brigadier.

Kheraskov holds a high rank among the lyric poets of Russia. He died a few years ago. He was curator of the Moscow University. He published a collection of his poems, which he entitled *Bachariana, ili Neisviestnij*; Bachariana, or the Unknown: but his great work is *Rossiada, ili Rasrushchenie Kasanij*; the Russiad, or the Destruction of Kasan.

But of all the poets of Russia, Derzhavin is, in my conception, entitled to the very first place. His compositions breathe a high and sublime spirit; they are full of inspiration. His versification is sonorous, original, characteristic; his subjects generally such as allowed him to give full scope to his ardent imagination and lofty conceptions. Of modern poets, he most resembles Klopstock; his *Oda Bog*, Ode on God, with the exception of some of the wonderful passages of the Old Testament, "written with a pen of fire," and glowing with the brightness of heaven, passages of which Derzhavin has frequently availed himself, is one of the most impressive and sublime addresses I am acquainted with, on a subject so pre-eminently impressive and sublime. The first poem which excited the public attention to him was his *Felizia*.

Bogdanovich has obtained the title of the Russian Anacreon. His *Dushenka* (Psyche) is a graceful and lovely poem. He has also written several dramatic pieces.

Bobrov was well acquainted with the literature of the South of Europe, and has transfused many of its beauties into his native tongue. Our English writers especially have given great assistance to his honest plagiarism. His *Khersonida*, an oriental epic poem, is not so good as *Lalla Rookh*, but it is very good notwithstanding.

The name of Kostrov closes the list of the most eminent among the deceased poets of Russia. He died, not long ago, in the meridian of his days. He had made an admirable translation of Homer, and was engaged in a version of Ossian, which he left unfinished: the conclusion has since been added by Gnedich.

Of all the living writers of Russia, or rather of all the writers Russia ever produced, the most successful and the most popular is Karamsin. Derzhavin called him, long ago, "the nightingale of poetry," but it is not to his poetry alone that he owes his fame. Standing on the summit of modern literature in Russia, he has been loaded with honours and distinctions, which, however, have not served



to check his wonted urbanity, or to chill his natural goodness of heart. When a young writer, he was fond of imitating Sterne\*; a very bad model, it may be added, since the peculiarities which characterize him are only tolerable because they are original. Karamsin's style was then usually abrupt and unnatural, and its sentimentality wearisome and affected. But he has outlived his errors, and established his reputation on their subjection. His great undertaking, the *Rossijskaje Istoriye* (History of Russia) is, without comparison, the first and best literary work which has been produced in the country it celebrates. It was received with loud eulogiums throughout the Russian empire; it has been translated into several European languages, and will probably long maintain a pre-eminent rank among Russian classics, and become one of the standard authorities of history.

The peculiar excellence of the Russian fabulists has been mentioned. Somorokov and Khemnitzer, Dmitriev and Krilov, are the most distinguished among them. Dmitriev, who is still living at Moscow, has published a great number of fables and ballads. His style is easy, harmonious, and energetic; some of his compositions have a sublimer character; his religious poetry is dignified and solemn; his elegies are tender and affecting.

Crilov holds an office in the imperial library at Petersburg. He is well known to the *bons vivans* of the English club. His heavy and unwieldy appearance is singularly contrasted with the shrewdness and the grace of his writings. He has published one volume of fables remarkable for their spirit and originality. He now employs himself in translating Herodotus, having, at an advanced period of life, first entered on the study of the languages of ancient Greece and Rome.

Zhukovskij has printed some poetical translations of peculiar excellence. His *Lindmilla* (an imitation of Leonora) is deemed more beautiful and forcible than the original itself. Bürger appears to have captivated him. He has written on a variety of subjects, and is now engaged as a companion to the Grand Dukes.\*

The Russian language may be adapted to almost every species of versification. It is flexible, harmonious, full of rhymes, rich in compounds, and possesses all the elements of poetry. One merit the present translation possesses, which it would be well if translators in general adhered to,—that the measure of the original has been generally preserved.—But we are detaining our readers from the poems themselves, for which, we doubt not, they already feel anxious.

The first poems in this selection are by Derzhavin, who was born in 1763.

\* Especially in his *Puteshestvennik* (or Traveller.)

After serving some time in the army, he was made successively a counsellor of state, ambassador of the senate, president of the college of commerce, public cashier, and, in 1802, minister of justice. He has since retired on his full allowance to pass the evening of his days in the enjoyment of the fruits of his long and active labours. The productions of this poet, 'the Parnassian Giant,' as a brother bard calls him, have been so justly characterised by the translator, in the introduction we have quoted, that we need do nothing more than refer to it. The poem on God, by this author, has been translated into Japanese, by order of the Emperor, and is hung up, embroidered with gold, in the Temple of Jeddo. A similar honour has been done to it at China. It has been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on a piece of rich silk, and suspended in the imperial palace at Pekin. When our readers have read this poem, which we insert entire, they will have no contemptible opinion of Russian poetry, nor of the good taste of the Japanese, Chinese, and Tartars:—

'GOD.

'O thou eternal one! whose presence bright  
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;  
Unchang'd through time's all-devastating flight;  
Thou only God! There is no God beside!  
Being above all beings! Mighty One!  
Whom none can comprehend and none explore;  
Who fills't existence with *Thyself* alone:  
Embracing all,—supporting,—ruling o'er,—  
Being whom we call God—and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy  
May measure out the ocean-deep—may count  
The sands or the sun's rays—but, God! for thee

There is no weight nor measure:—none can mount

Up to thy mysteries; reason's brightest spark  
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try

To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark:  
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,  
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call  
First chaos, then existence;—Lord, on thee  
Eternity had its foundation:—all

Sprung forth from thee:—of light, joy, harmony,

Sole origin:—all life, all beauty thine.  
Thy word created all, and doth create:  
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.  
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be, glorious! great!

Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!  
Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround:  
Upheld by thee, by thee inspired with breath!  
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,  
And beautifully mingled life and death!  
As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,  
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from thee;

And as the spangles in the sunny rays  
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry  
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise\*.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand  
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss:  
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,  
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.  
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—

A glorious company of golden streams—  
Lamps of celestial ether, burning bright—  
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?

But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,  
All this magnificence in Thee is lost;—  
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?

And what am I then? Heaven's unnumber'd host,

Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed  
In all the glory of sublimest thought,  
Is but an atom in the balance weighed  
Against Thy greatness, is a cypher brought  
Against infinity! What am I, then?—Nought!

Nought! But the effluence of Thy light divine,  
Pervading worlds, hath reach'd my bosom too;  
Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,  
As shines the sun-beam in a drop of dew.  
Nought! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly  
Eager towards Thy presence: for in Thee  
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,  
Even to the throne of Thy divinity.

I am, O God! and surely *Thou* must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art!  
Direct my understanding then to Thee;  
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart:  
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,  
Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand!  
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,  
On the last verge of mortal being stand,  
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,

Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me;  
In me is matter's last gradation lost,  
And the next step is spirit—Deity!  
I can command the lightning, and am dust!  
A monarch, and a slave; a worm, a God!  
Whence came I here, and how? so marvelously

Constructed and conceiv'd? unknown! this clod  
Lives surely through some higher energy;  
For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and thy word  
Created *me*! Thou source of life and good!  
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!  
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude  
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring  
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear  
The garments of eternal day, and wing  
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,  
Even to its source—to Thee—its Author there.

O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!  
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,

\* The force of this simile can hardly be imagined by those who have never witnessed the sun shining with unclouded splendour, in a cold of twenty or thirty degrees of Reaumur. A thousand and ten thousand sparkling stars of ice, brighter than the brightest diamond, play on the surface of the frozen snow; and the slightest breeze sets myriads of icy atoms in motion, whose glancing light and beautiful rainbow-hues dazzle and weary the eye.



Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,  
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.

God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;  
Thus seek Thy presence—Being wise and good!  
'Midst Thy vast works, admire, obey, adore;  
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,  
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.'

There is much beauty and simplicity in the following song, with which we must conclude our extracts from the poems of Derzhavin:—

‘SONG.

Golden bee! for ever sighing,  
Round and round my Delia flying,  
Ever in attendance near her:  
Dost thou really love her, fear her,  
Dost thou love her,  
Golden bee?

Erring insect! he supposes,  
That her lips are morning roses;  
Breathing sweets from Delia's tresses,  
He would probe their fair recesses.

Purest sugar  
Is her breast!

Golden bee! for ever sighing,  
Ever round my Delia flying;  
Is it thou so softly speaking?  
Thine the gentle accents breaking,  
“Drink I dare not,  
Lest I die!”

Batiushkov's address to his Penates, introduces, in a very agreeable manner, the most eminent of the Russian poets, and contains some allusion to Russian manners. Our limits will not, however, permit us more than the concluding passage:—

‘Soon shall we end our pilgrimage;  
And at the close of life's short stage  
Sink smiling on our dusty bed:  
The careless wind shall o'er us sweep;  
Where sleep our sires, their sons shall sleep  
With evening's darkness round our head.  
There let no hired mourners weep;  
No costly incense fan the sod;  
No bell pretend to mourn; no hymn  
Be heard 'midst midnight's shadows dim.—  
Can they delight a clay-cold clod?  
No! if love's tribute ye will pay,  
Assemble in the moonlight ray,  
And throw fresh flow'rets o'er my clay:  
Let my Penates sleep with me;—  
Here bring the cup I loved—the flute  
I played—and twine its form, though mute,  
With branches from the ivy tree!  
No grave-stone need the wanderer tell,  
That he who lived and loved so well,  
Is sleeping in serenity.’

Lomonosov, ‘the father of Russian poetry,’ was the son of a sailor, and born in 1711. He studied Latin and Greek, rhetoric and poetry: his productions, which have been published in sixteen volumes, exhibit a rare diversity of subjects, including history, poetry, philosophy, philology, &c. &c. Only two of his poems are printed in the present volume. They both exhibit a strong religious feeling, which, indeed, pervades most of the effusions of the Russian bards. There are poems in this collection which we prefer, but it would be an ill compliment to

the first Russian poet not to give one of them a place in our present notice; we, therefore, select the shortest:—

‘THE LORD AND THE JUDGE.

‘The God of gods stood up—stood up to try  
The assembled gods of earth. “How long,”  
he said,

“How long will ye protect impiety,  
And let the vile one raise his daring head?”

‘Tis yours my laws to justify—redress  
All wrong, however high the wronger be;  
Nor leave the widow and the fatherless  
To the cold world's uncertain sympathy.

‘Tis yours to guard the steps of innocence,  
To shield the naked head of misery;  
Be 'gainst the strong, the helpless one's defence,  
And the poor prisoner from his chains to free.”

They hear not—see not—know not—for their eyes

Are covered with thick mists,—they will not see:

The sick earth groans with man's iniquities,  
And heaven is tired with man's perversity.

Gods of the earth! ye kings: who answer not  
To man for your misdeeds, and vainly think  
There's none to judge you:—know, like our's,  
your lot

Is pain and death:—ye stand on judgment's brink.

And ye, like fading autumn-leaves, will fall;  
Your throne but dust—your empire but a grave—

Your martial pomp a black funeral pall—  
Your palace trampled by your meanest slave.

God of the righteous! O our God! arise,  
O hear the prayer thy lowly servants bring:  
Judge, punish, scatter, Lord! thy enemies,  
And be alone earth's universal king.’

From the poems of Karamsin, the historian of Russia, we select one beautiful specimen:—

‘LILEA.

‘What a lovely flower I see:

Bloom in snowy beauty there—

O how fragrant and how fair!

Can that lily bloom for me?

Thee to pluck, be mine the bliss,

Place upon my breast and kiss!

Why, then, is that bliss denied?

Why does heaven our fates divide?

Sorrow now my bosom fills;

Tears run down my cheeks like rills;

Far away that flower must bloom,

And in vain I sigh, “O come!”

Softly zephyr glides between,

Waving boughs of emerald green;

Purest flow'rets bend their head,

Shake their little cups of dew:—

Fate un pitying and untrue,

Fate so desolate and dread,

Says, “She blossoms not for thee;—

In vain thou sheddest the bitterest tear,

Another hand shall gather her:—

And thou—go mourn thy misery.”

O flower so lovely! Lilea fair!

With thee I fain my fate would share,

But heaven hath said, “It cannot be!”

As it is our intention to make our readers pretty well acquainted with Russian poetry, we shall extend our notice of this volume to another number.

(To be concluded in our next.)

*Memoirs of the Rebellion in 1745 and 1746.* By the Chevalier de Johnstone.

(Concluded from p. 87.)

At the battle of Culloden, the Chevalier de Johnstone charged on foot, leaving his horse in the care of a servant, and when the day was lost he could neither find horse nor man. He was so much fatigued that he was scarcely able to keep on his legs, when, fortunately, he got a horse, mounted it, and escaped. He wandered about some time in the disguise of a beggar, generally, eating very freely when victuals were set before him, and often without appetite, thinking that, though he was not hungry then, he would be so, and that perhaps when he had no means of satisfying it. In consequence of a dream, he determined, contrary to the advice of his friends, to go to Edinburgh. At Broughty, he was rowed over the Frith by two young girls, the daughters of the landlady of the ale-house there, when the boatmen had refused. When he reached St. Andrews, he called on a Mrs. Spence, who was too much suspected to afford him an asylum; and, therefore, she gave him a letter to her farmer to lend him a horse, but he refused. ‘Mrs. Spence,’ said he, ‘may take her farm from me and give it to whom she pleases; but she cannot make me profane the Lord's Day, by giving my horse to one who means to travel upon the sabbath.’ This refusal draws from our author a severe tirade against the Presbyterians, whom he designates as a ‘holy rabble.’ Near Wemyss, he was secreted in a cavern which, on account of the following circumstance, has been called the *court cave*:—

‘This cavern is one of the most remarkable of the antiquities of Scotland, and, according to tradition, was, in former times, a heathen temple. It is dug under a hill. Its entrance is about five feet high, and three wide; and the foot of the hill is about thirty paces from the seashore. It is very high and spacious within, and appears to be of an immense depth. An adventure, which happened in this cavern to King James the Fourth of Scotland, has given celebrity to it. The king, who used to amuse himself in wandering about the country, in different disguises, was overtaken by a violent storm, in a dark night, and obliged to take shelter in the cavern. Having advanced some way in it, he discovered a number of men and women ready to begin to roast a sheep, by way of supper. From their appearance he began to suspect that he had not fallen into the best company; but, as it was too late to retreat, he asked



hospitality from them till the tempest was over. They granted it, and invited the king, whom they did not know, to sit down, and take part with them. They were a band of robbers and cut-throats. As soon as they had finished their supper, one of them presented a plate, upon which two daggers were laid in form of a St. Andrew's cross, telling the king, at the same time, that this was the dessert, which they always served to strangers; that he must choose one of the daggers, and fight him whom the company should appoint to attack him. The king did not lose his presence of mind, but instantly seized the two daggers, one in each hand, and plunged them into the hearts of the two robbers who were next him; and running full speed to the mouth of the cavern, he escaped from their pursuit through the obscurity of the night. The king ordered the whole of this band of cut-throats to be seized next morning, and they were all hanged.\*

On reaching Edinburgh, the Chevalier found an asylum in the house of Lady Jane Douglas, where he remained two months, and then travelled to London, on horseback, as a Scotch pedlar. Nothing of any interest occurred in the journey, or during his residence in town; this part of his narrative being nothing but a very silly account of his attachment to a young lady, his 'charming Peggy.' He afterwards embarked at Harwich with Lady Jane Douglas, as her servant, and reached Helvoetsluys in safety. He repaired to Paris, towards the end of the year 1746, where he received a pension of two thousand two hundred livres, out of the fund of forty thousand livres, ordered to be distributed, annually, among the Scots who had escaped to France. He afterwards received a commission as ensign, in the troops detached from the marine to the island of Cape Breton. He embarked at Rochelle in a vessel which was not seaworthy, and encountered more imminent dangers than he had done when a fugitive in Scotland. After remaining at Louisburg until 1751, the Chevalier returned to France, but again went to Louisburg, where he remained until it was captured by the English in 1758, when he escaped to Nova Scotia and thence to Canada; until the subjection of these provinces again obliged him to return to France.

These memoirs, it will be seen, differ very much from the accounts that hitherto have been published of the Rebellion, particularly from the history of Home.\* If Home was led to exte-

\* The editor of the Chevalier Johnstone's Memoirs states, that Home regularly sent the proof-sheets of his work to London, to be cor-

nuate, the Chevalier has set down much in malice; and his account of the rencontres between the English and the Highlanders are often most preposterous and extravagant. Be this as it may, we suspect the Highlanders owed little to the personal courage or exertions of the Chevalier, who seems to have had an instinctive horror of wanting a dinner, or of making his final exit from this life by the assistance of the hangman. In one place, he says,—

'I bitterly regretted that I did not meet my fate in the battle of Culloden, where I escaped so narrowly; and envied the fate of my comrades who remained dead on the field of battle. The horrible idea of the hangman, with a knife in his hand, ready to open my body whilst yet alive; to tear out my heart and throw it into the fire, still palpitating,—the punishment inflicted on all those who had the misfortune to be taken and condemned,—always haunted my imagination. I could not get rid of the impression that I should also be taken; and the prospect of perishing in this manner, on a scaffold, in presence of a cruel and brutal populace, almost tempted me to abridge my days upon the banks of the stream.'

We have nothing further to add respecting this work, than that it contains many curious and interesting details, which, although they must be received with due caution, form an important addition to the history of a very extraordinary enterprise.

#### REVIEW EXTRAORDINARY.

*The Rev. T. Smith and his Book.*

WE learn that the Rev. T. Smith has called at our office and threatened our publisher with a prosecution for the notice of his work contained in the *Literary Chronicle* of the 3d inst. We understand that the Reverend gentleman was in a violent passion, which is certainly not a Christian virtue,—*tu te faches Jupin, tu as donc tort*; this we should not have noticed, but that he has since sent his son or agent on a similar errand. We do not know whether Messrs. Williams, Hilliard, rector by a member of the royal family. We have reason to believe it was the case: and in a conversation with that amiable and elegant writer, the late Theophilus Swift, Esq. on this subject, he related the following anecdote:—

'When Mr. Home was writing his history, Dr. White presented him with several MSS. respecting the family of the Stuarts; which, after some little hesitation, Mr. H. promised to make use of: but, on the publication of the work, Dr. White finding that they were wholly omitted, called on Mr. H. to know the reason; and was answered, that it was at his Majesty's request.—REV.

and Hastings, Mr. Smith's solicitors, view the case as he does, but, to justify ourselves in the eyes of the public, our best patrons, we print the review sent to us with the book, and the letter of our cotemporary accompanying them; it will then be seen whether we had not some reason for saying what we have done in trying to put down direct personal puffing in a vain man; and sure we are that the Rev. T. Smith would applaud our conduct, did the case relate to any other person than himself.

*'Lit. Gazette Office, 29th Jan.'*

'The envelope of the accompanying book was addressed to the *Literary Gazette*; as it seems likely, however, from the title to the MS. that it was meant for the *Literary Chronicle*, the Editor loses no time in transmitting it, with his compliments.

*'Editor Literary Chronicle.'*

REVIEW. FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

*'A New and Improved Edition of Walkingame's Tutor's Assistant: with considerable Additions, and an Appendix on Circulating Decimals. By the Rev. T. Smith, of St. John's College, Cambridge. pp. 208. 12mo.'*

AMONG the various treatises of arithmetic that have been published within the last hundred years, some of them by men of the first eminence, none has met with a more favourable reception than Walkingame's Compendium. As a proof of the general estimation in which it is held, it is in the hands of almost every arithmetician, young and old, having passed through numerous impressions edited by different persons highly skilled in the science of numbers. Mr. Smith, the master of a large and respectable boarding school in the vicinity of London, has just favoured the public with a new stereotype edition of this author, but containing, together with Walkingame's text, a vast quantity of new matter, consisting of valuable observations, tables, and notes by the editor, and an excellent collection of upwards of 1000 very ingenious questions not to be found in any other work. Some of the questions require a thorough knowledge of fractions, and an acquaintance with the higher rules of arithmetic for their solution; and cannot fail of proving extremely serviceable, as they must impart to students not studying the mathematics, a portion of the spirit of that refined branch of analysis. Our limits will not allow us to enter into all the merits of Smith's edi-



tion of *Walkingame*, and we shall, therefore, conclude this article, with two of the new questions as a specimen:—

“Water runs into a cistern by three different pipes, and is drawn out again by two pumps. By the first pipe the cistern is filled in eight hours; by the first and second pipes together, in five hours; and when all the pipes are open it is filled in three hours. Now the first pump empties the cistern in an hour, and the second in seventy-three minutes. The question is, if both pumps begin to work when the cistern is full, in what time will they empty it, provided the second and third pipes keep running?”

“There are two meadows of equal extent, the one in the form of a square 1360 links of Gunter’s chain on a side, and the other in the form of a parallelogram 800 links in breadth. Required, the length of the parallelogram, and the aggregate content of both meadows in acres and roods?”

Let Mr. Smith now state, and our columns are open to him, what we were authorised to conclude under such circumstances.—ED.

### Foreign Literature.

#### *Account of the Voyage of Discovery and Circumnavigation performed in 1818, 1819, and 1820.*

(Concluded from p. 90.)

Having sailed from Rawak on the 5th of January, 1819, the *Urania* stretched towards the Ayon isles, which they saw on the 6th and 8th of the same month.

The dysentery continued still to torment the crew; it was not long before it was joined to fevers; one of the first victims of which was M. Labiche, the second lieutenant, an officer full of merit, and of the most amiable character. This was the second loss of the kind during the voyage, and it was keenly felt.

After having visited several of the Caroline isles, which are not pointed out on the maps, and having received throughout the most flattering reception from the islanders, M. de Freycinet arrived, on the 17th of May, in sight of the Isle of Guam, and cast anchor on the night of the same day in the roadstead of Humata. This delay, and that which the corvette made at Port San Louis in the same island, restored health to the crew; thanks to the generous eagerness with which the governor, Don Jose de Medinillo y Pineda, anticipated all the wants of the expedition, by procuring them refreshments and comforts of all kinds.

M. de Freycinet appears to have collected, respecting the people of the Marianne Islands, information more extensive than that with which preceding voyagers have enriched their accounts. He gives various details respecting their manners, language, and laws, as well as that singular government of which much has been said, and in which the women act an important part. He communicates to us interesting notions respecting the arts which they practise, respecting their money, which is established on principles absolutely different from ours, and respecting their architecture, of which he still saw numerous ruins at Tinian.

Two months were employed in making these researches; and at the same time they were occupied with those observations and experiments which formed the principal object of the expedition. M. de Medinillo had, during all this time, the kindness to provide the corvette abundantly with fresh provisions, to which he added provisions for the voyage, and for which he afterwards refused to accept any reimbursement.

The course of the *Urania*, from Guam to the Sandwich Islands, presents nothing remarkable. On the 5th of August, 1819, she made the island of Owhyhee, and anchored in the bay of Harahona in three days after.

Tamahama, king of the Sandwich Isles, was dead; his palace had been reduced to ashes, and almost all the hogs on the island had been slaughtered on account of his obsequies, according to the custom of the country; which was a real disappointment in the re-victualling of the corvette.

Uno Rio, the eldest son and successor of Tamahama, enjoyed at that time but a badly-established authority. The chiefs compelled to submit to the arms of his father, raising extraordinary pretensions, caused him to dread an approaching war. He came with his wives and a numerous suite on board the *Urania*, on the occasion of the baptism of one of the principal chiefs of the island. That ceremony was performed with much pomp by the Abbé Quelin, chaplain of the vessel.

The Sandwich Islands were, like the Marianne, the object of the assiduous researches of M. de Freycinet and of the officers under his command. Numerous observations were made in search of the magnetic equator, and its inflexions, in the Great Ocean.

On the 30th of August the *Urania* sailed for Port Jackson, passing through the islands of the Austral Polynesia.

By taking this track, the position of the dangerous isles of Byron was rectified, as well as that of the island of Pyletant, the most southerly of the Friendly Islands; and also that of Howe Island.

A new island, surrounded by dangerous reefs, was discovered to the east of Tonga, which M. de Freycinet named Rose Island.

The *Urania* anchored in Port Jackson on the 18th of November, 1819; she remained there till the 25th of December, and this interval was employed, as at all the preceding stoppages, in scientific inquiries. M. de Freycinet speaks, in this respect, with gratitude for the assistance afforded to him by Mr. Macquarie, the governor of the colony.

On quitting Port Jackson, the course of the corvette was shaped to pass between Van Diemen’s Land and New Zealand. On the 7th of January, 1820, the southern extremity of the latter islands was doubled in sight of Campbell’s Island.

From that moment until nearing the coast of Terra del Fuego, the winds were constantly favourable. The *Urania* reached 59 degrees of south latitude; and she found floating ice in the 54th degree.

On the 5th of February the coast of Terra del Fuego was seen in the neighbourhood of Cape Desolation; the season was as frightful as the adjoining shores. In the impossibility of reaching Christmas Harbour, it became necessary to make for the Bay of Good Success, in the Straits of Lemaire; but hardly had the anchor dropped, when a furious storm began to cause the corvette to drive: there was not a moment to be lost in cutting the cable, and setting sail with all speed, in order to get out of the Bay, by skirting at a very short distance the rocks and breakers which lie upon its north point.

This dreadful tempest lasted for two days, and made the corvette drift considerably to the northward; which determined M. de Freycinet to bear up for the Falkland Islands, in sight of which they arrived on the 14th of February, according to their reckoning, but the 13th according to European time, they having gained a day in circumnavigating the globe.\*

\* Our readers are already acquainted with the loss of the *Urania*, in consequence of striking on a sunken rock, at the entrance of French Bay, in the Falkland Islands, and of their being taken off by an American whaler, and brought first to Rio Janeiro, and afterwards to Havre de Grace, where they arrived in safety.



In expectation that more detailed accounts (proceeds the narrative) will make known all the importance of their labours, it will suffice to give a rapid glance at them.

1st. The observations on the pendulum, which formed one of the principal objects of the voyage, have been made with the greatest care at every place where they stopped, and in every situation throughout the voyage which would permit. The stations where these experiments were made are nine in number, viz. Rio Janeiro (first stay); the Cape of Good Hope; Port Louis, in the Isle of France; the Island of Rawak; the Island Guam; the Island of Mowa, in the Sandwich Isles; Port Jackson; the Falkland Islands; and at Rio Janeiro (second stay).

2d. Each day during the voyage, two officers, at least, took by rotation the necessary astronomical observations to ascertain the situation of the vessel at sea, and, on shore, the positions of the different observatories; to regulate the chronometers, &c. All these observations have been transcribed into journals destined for that purpose.

3d. The magnetic phenomena were at the same time the object of constant and multiplied studies, as well at sea as in all the places which they touched at. They comprise observations on the magnetic declination and inclination; on the intensity of both when tried by the horizontal needle, or the needle of inclination; and also on the hourly and periodical variations in the declination.

4th. Comparative observations on the temperature of the air, with that of the sea at its surface, were made every two hours during the whole course of the voyage. This considerable mass of results may be useful to determine the isothermic lines on the terrestrial globe.

5th. More than sixty specimens of sea-water, taken in the seas which they traversed, were put into as many flasks, perfectly sealed up, in order to be analysed on their return. Each flask was labelled with the latitude and longitude of the spot where the water was drawn.

6th. A meteorological journal kept every hour during the whole voyage, will show in methodical order all the observations on the thermometer, the barometer, and the hydrometer, which they made both by sea and land. They will also show the indications of the prevailing winds, and their degrees of force, the electrical and aerial phenomena, &c.

with most of the collections made during the voyage.—See *Literary Chronicle*, No. 64.

7th. The barometrical variations could not be observed with precision, except in the places which they touched at. The results of them have been consigned to a particular register.

8th. It was not possible to observe the tides and currents, except at a small number of points; but the data acquired at Rio Janeiro, at the isle of France, at Rawak, and at Guam, are not without interest.

9th. The number of charts formed during the voyage is about thirty. A part of them have already been completed; but the whole of the materials collected on this subject, and classed with great care, will give every facility desirable for carrying on this work.

10th. Notwithstanding the shipwreck at the Malouin or Falkland Islands, which caused the loss of eighteen cases of specimens of natural history, there remain still about forty. These contain a great number of specimens out of the three kingdoms of nature; and especially almost the whole of those which were collected at the Marianne Islands, yet little known in that respect to naturalists.

11th. The number of drawings made during the voyage amounts to several hundreds; the greater part admirable for the beauty of the situations which they represent, or for the correctness of the portraits, and the graces of their composition.

12th. In short, the observations on the manners and customs of the people whom they visited, have been collected in very great number by all the officers employed in the expedition. All of them have been drawn up in the same spirit, and after the same plan, in order that they may connect themselves easily with the general account of the voyage.

It is above all to be remarked, that this is the first expedition of the kind, in which all the scientific operations have been performed entirely by officers attached to the service of the Royal Marine of France.—*Phil. Mag.*

## Original Communications.

### ON PAINTINGS IN CHURCHES.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—Sorry am I to enter my protest against the sentiments of a person of so great and noble mental endowments as your able and elegant essayist, W. H. Parry, when I find him deploring the banishment of the ornaments of paint-

ing from our places of public worship, in his second essay on the Fine Arts\*.

You may be assured, Mr. Editor, that Tyro as I am, I have not the arrogance to advance my opinions as perfectly just; but am induced rather to state my sentiments, to the end of having my scruples removed, together with the clouds of ignorance and prejudice that may overshadow my intellectual faculties.

Now, I confess I am not only an admirer of the Fine Arts, but would consider it an honour to be in any way instrumental in supporting and encouraging them. However, I deem it a mystery how painting could ever afford support to piety or devotion, and I much doubt if the sensations or sentiments produced from contemplating the best executed or happiest conceived painting, are either those of piety or devotion, such as are inculcated in the holy Scriptures.

Long may the arts flourish, and long may painting be our national boast, —numerous may the shrines be that are devoted to it, and numerous its devotees; but may the pure spirit of devotion and piety be ever instilled and firmly fixed in the heart of every Briton, from the contemplation of the inspired word of God, and the boundless productions of nature; and may music ever lend her aid to raise the soul in ecstasy to anticipate the joys of heaven!

It is much to be feared, that having in our view objects so capable of arresting our attention and exciting our admiration as the finely executed paintings of our great professors, would rather interfere with the proper discharge of our devotional duties, if not greatly endanger us, by inducing us imperceptibly to pay greater adoration to the works of the creature, than worshipping the creator.

'*Principius obsta*' is a motto we should do well to bear in mind at all times. Who knows but that, at last, the mists of our natural prejudices may be so far cleared away, and we become so refined in our sentiments of devotion, that Mr. W. H. Parry may deem it expedient to suggest the propriety of introducing scenic apostolic representations, and scriptural enactments, at the shrine and altar of our temples, by some of the theatrical characters, whom he has criticised with such keen discrimination, as most congenial with the taste of refined religion; while our priesthood shall fly ex-

\* *Literary Chronicle*, No. 90.



communicated from the desk and the pulpit.

It would afford me great satisfaction to see the subject discussed and elucidated by some of your enlightened readers, who may be more competent than,

Sir,

Your constant reader

Narbeth, Feb. 5, 1821. E. PRICE.\*

### HAPPINESS DEPENDENT ON OURSELVES.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—The writer who desires to be popular will avoid touching upon any subject which 'the many' seldom take into consideration, but he who writes from principle will find pleasure in obtaining the attention of an intelligent circle, whether they approve or condemn his theory. The admirable spirit in which your paper is conducted, induces me to offer my humble assistance to diversify its columns, and, believe me, should this effort prove worthy of acceptance, I shall feel peculiar pleasure in its being placed on record in the *Literary Chronicle*.

A theologian of some celebrity† describes man to be made up of three essences: the substantial or physical; the internal, or moral or metaphysical; and the immortal; and adds, in illustration, that you may destroy the body in lingering tortures, yet, while life remains, the moral or internal man may continue not only uninjured but rise to its highest point of excellence; and that, although the internal properties naturally die with the body which they have directed, the immortal spirit remains, and will for ever remain, indestructible. These outlines I consider sufficiently clear to be generally admitted, but to the inquiring mind not sufficiently minute; they give no idea of man's means of action, they develop none of the causes which prompt him to pursue a particular course, nor do they define any thing but that which the practice and habits of mankind seem to admit. In attempting to go farther, I am not without hope that the subject may excite more able pens to lay open the construction of the human frame, so that man may at length know himself. Our wonderful con-

struction must strike every one capable of reflection with admiration, but to the philanthropist or to the intelligent and benevolent practical anatomist, I leave it to be deservedly eulogized, and pass to the position,—that with the general use and physical properties of the body all are sufficiently acquainted to acknowledge, that it is capable of a state of composure, happiness, sorrow, and wretchedness. My opinion being that these sensations, though resulting from the mind, a metaphysical essence, are still generally subject to our own control, and I shall attempt to shew that the assumption is not totally without foundation.

Sensation is the proof of existence, and the complicated phenomena of sensation, or feeling, I have never seen familiarly or sufficiently explained. Of the external senses, we are told, there are five; their existence is admitted, and little more, in general, is thought upon the subject. Are not these senses the immediate effect of our state of existence? Some possess them all in a very acute degree: see better, hear quicker, feel sooner, taste more exquisitely, and scent more immediately than persons in general; and, that these are all, more or less, under the control of the judgment, must be allowed, though still subject to the general laws of nature. The senses thus spoken of are admitted to be the outward senses, but still they form only one branch of sensation. By the light of the mind, which is the essence of life, and the cause of which life is not to be understood by the light which is obtained from it, the internal senses may be discovered: a sense of feeling, a will, memory, imagination, and judgment. When man is perfect in his kind, he has all these inward and outward senses in perfection—a circumstance of rare occurrence. This being the constitution of man, every event may be referred to these qualities. By means of the judgment, aided by the experience of memory, a man has reason; by the exercise of this reason, he discovers his own worth or worthlessness, his consistency or inconsistency; and this forms conscience; and the light of the mind being ever operative when the body is awake, man is of necessity compelled to see his own actions. The imagination or inventive quality may be considered as the cause of his happiness or misery, for if it prompt his will to decree in opposition to his memory and judgment, i. e. his reason, to which he is often induced by external sensation,

upon reflection he will condemn himself, and his suffering will be in proportion to his internal sensibility.

That the laws of nature compel a man to action cannot be denied, and so far as he is compelled, he cannot severely condemn himself; but the principal actions of life, which result from the imagination, are not acts of necessity, consequently matters of choice, and these chiefly affect his state of being whether comfortable or otherwise; hence I conclude that a man's happiness or misery depends principally upon himself. I am, &c.

Feb. 10, 1820.

D. G.

### Original Criticisms

ON

The Principal Performers of the Theatres  
Royal Drury Lane & Covent Garden.

No. XI.—MRS. EGERTON.

'Fix'd in one frame of features, glare of eye,  
Passions like chaos in confusion lie;  
Her voice no touch of harmony admits,  
Irregularly deep, and shrill by fits.'

CHURCHILL.

AMONG the many various changes which are constantly taking place in our great city, those in theatric life are not the least wonderful. For instance, who would imagine that Mrs. Egerton, the inimitable representative of Meg Merrilies, &c. was in the habit of enacting, eight or ten years since, the tender love-sick Juliet, and other characters of a similar nature. This lady particularly excels in depicting the fierce, the majestic, and the malignant. Her voice, which was once soft and melodious, has now acquired considerable force and power; indeed, her whole appearance is well adapted for those vigorous and commanding characters which she has of late years assumed. Her Helen Macgregor, calling forth almost masculine powers, and affording so much scope for the contemptuous disdain of a haughty spirit, is an admirable performance, though, we think, she finds a powerful rival in Mrs. Faucit, whose representation is entitled to the warmest possible eulogy.—Her Madge Wildfire possesses considerable merits; her dying scene is particularly excellent, but in this character she is certainly far surpassed by Miss Copeland. Mrs. Egerton is much too old, nor does her voice possess that sweetness which the wild yet plaintive airs of the heart-broken Madge require. But whatever admiration her performance of these characters may elicit, she certainly far surpasses those exertions in

\* We confess that we differ much in opinion from our respected correspondent; and have always regretted that the plan suggested by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. West, for adorning the interior of our temples with appropriate paintings, was not carried into effect.—ED.

† I avoid giving his name—in all argumentative pieces, argument should have weight, not names.



her exquisite delineation of Meg Merri-  
lies. Here she possesses no equal; in-  
deed, her judicious action, her com-  
manding figure and powerful voice,  
place her far above all her competitors.  
We can conceive nothing of its kind  
finer than her attitude, when, standing  
on an eminence, she beholds Hatteraick  
and his party about to attack Henry  
Bertram; when she waves her hand to  
the gipsies, they really appear to shrink  
from her as something super-human; her  
sudden exclamation,—‘and what  
d’ye fear from her,’ on finding Glossin  
and Hatteraick conversing about her,  
has its due effect; but her masterpiece  
is the mingled look of rage, exultation,  
and convulsive agony, which she casts  
on the smuggler in her dying moments;  
it is indeed the acmé of melodramatic  
perfection. But if Mrs. Egerton is  
once put out of this peculiar line, like  
some other of our principal performers,  
her conception has no boldness of fancy,  
no prominence, no variety; she cannot  
express more than simple passions; her  
grief is a monotonous incessant whine,  
and her dignity is comprised in a lofty  
toss of the head, and a sudden elevation  
of the voice. We know but of one  
character in tragedy which she plays  
finely; we allude to Elvira; she pour-  
trays this part in all the fierce car-  
icature of the original. Regan is a cha-  
racter which can never be rendered ef-  
fective on the stage, but through the  
excellence of its representative; Mrs.  
Egerton, however, contrives to look,  
dress, and act the character more like  
a waiting woman, than the proud, vin-  
dictive, unnatural daughter of old Lear.  
Her performance of Laura, in the tra-  
gedy of Montalto, did not please us;  
there was much scope for good acting,  
particularly in the concluding scenes;  
her despair, on finding her ambitious  
designs blighted, as well as her subse-  
quent remorse, might have afforded an  
ample field for a display of genius,  
but Mrs. Egerton was seized with a fit  
of indolent languor, and gave us no-  
thing but a caricature of Meg Mer-  
ri-  
lies in its worst form. In the Coun-  
tess de Morville, in the new melodrama  
of ‘Thérèse,’ she has a trifling charac-  
ter, and plays it as badly as possible.  
This lady is certainly a very limited ac-  
tress; in comedy she completely fails:  
indeed, we are astonished why she so  
often appears before us in such parts as  
Miss Vortex, Mrs. Changeable, Clarin-  
da, &c. We delight to see her in her  
wild and fanciful characters, but as  
these performances can necessarily oc-  
cur but seldom, we have too frequent-

ly the pain of witnessing representa-  
tions which neither reflect credit on  
herself or the theatre.

#### NO. XII.—MRS. GLOVER.

‘Her faults in her seem what she cannot change,  
Than what she chooses.’—SHAKESPEARE.

Malgré her unwieldy person, we con-  
fess we cannot but experience a great  
degree of pleasure in witnessing Mrs.  
Glover’s performances. In exhibiting  
cool contemptuous defiance, as in Es-  
tifania, for instance, or downright vi-  
rulence or anger, affecting coolness, as  
in Mrs. Oakley, her features can as-  
sume a vixen-like expression that ac-  
cords admirably with the character she  
is representing. Indeed, we have no  
actress any way equal to her in either of  
these parts. We think her Estifania  
will never be surpassed; her easy and  
unrivalled assurance chills even the  
impudence of the Copper Captain.—  
She makes the character the most  
amusing Jezebel that ever trod the  
stage; she positively leads her husband  
up and down by the nose, cheats, and  
fairly laughs at him to his face, and  
actually convinces him that he has been  
fooled for his own good. Were Cooke  
himself to rise from the grave, he could  
not abuse his enemy with more bitter  
contemptuous sarcasm, than Mrs. Glo-  
ver rails at my ‘Mahound cousin.’—  
Never were the advantages of impu-  
dence so happily portrayed. Second  
only to her excellence in this character,  
is her inimitable representation of the  
jealousy and hysteric violence of Mrs.  
Oakley; our attention is kept intensely  
alive by the airs she gives herself, and  
her fantastic behaviour in the situations  
in which she is placed. She makes an  
admirable Mrs. Candour; so excel-  
lently does she manage her voice and  
countenance, that her scandal carries  
complete conviction to all around her.  
Her humour is admirably adapted for  
this affectation of truth, and is of that  
dry nature, which a casual observer  
would naturally mistake for seriousness.  
Although she is rather too embonpoint,  
she contrives to give every fascination  
and blandishment to the execrable  
Millwood; perhaps its only fault is a  
too strict resemblance to nature. We  
have, in a former number, observed,  
that all our actresses completely fail in  
Lady Macbeth; we shall, therefore,  
without expatiating more fully on Mrs.  
Glover’s performance of the character,  
content ourselves with observing, that,  
however short she may fall of Siddonia-  
l excellence or grandeur, she is decidedly

the best representative of the day. She  
imparts wonderful effect to the few  
passages of Emelia, nor will we forget  
the force she gives to the repulsive dis-  
gusting character of Goneril, or her  
excellence in the haughty Tullia. On  
her performance of Queen Margaret,  
in Richard III. we can bestow almost  
unqualified praises. There are, per-  
haps, few things finer or more affecting  
than the scene in which she takes leave  
of her children, when they are torn  
from her by the mandate of the tyrant;  
it is only to be excelled by her lamen-  
tation after their murder, or the keen  
and cutting irony with which she an-  
swers Gloster’s interrogatories. Mrs.  
Glover’s figure is now much too large  
and matronly to represent youthful  
characters or passions. We trust that,  
for the future, she will relinquish such  
characters, as Donna Violante, Flora,  
in the ‘Midnight Hour,’ Mrs. Racket,  
&c. &c. which are neither suited to her  
age or abilities. W. H. PARRY.

### Original Poetry.

#### EPIGRAM

*On hearing that Miss Dance is expected to ap-  
pear in Tragedy at Covent Garden.*

THERE’S nothing novel in this age  
To see a *dance* upon the stage;  
But ’twill, indeed, be *novelty*  
To see a *Dance* in *tragedy*! TOBIT.

#### THE FASHIONABLE MISSES.

‘I make the *cap* but not the *head* to wear it!’  
Q. IN THE CORNER.

#### AN EPISTLE TO —.

You say I’ve not written—you know not how  
long—

Tho’ I once was so partial to prosing,  
Either sonnet, epistle, or little love song—  
That my muse and myself have been dozing.  
But were I to tell you what sights I have seen,  
How much in gay circles I lately have been,—  
Among charming ladies, who deem themselves  
blest

If the world can but see them fantasticly drest;  
In feathers and furbelows, flounces and lace—  
Neglecting the mind to embellish the face—  
You’d forgive me, and say, that I’d plenty to do,  
And excuse me for not having written to you.

You know Mr. G——? he’s as honest a man  
As e’er got a fortune by prosperous trade;—  
Well, his daughters—sweet creatures!—would  
die if a man

(Unless in fine clothes he an overture made,)  
Were to give them a glance,—and a kiss—lack  
ah, me!

(From a *tradesman*) eternal perdition would be!  
Miss Susan is tall, and considered genteel

By those who have *not* in her company been;  
And some say her sister has got the best heel—  
(Of her foot they say nothing)—that ever  
was seen!

Thus pair’d, they together with stateliness  
walk—

With—‘yes, *mem*,’—and—‘he, he,’—the chief  
of their talk,



If they meet with a neighbour that's willing to chat—  
 As they glance first on this side and then upon that;  
 But if—as they once were—the person they meet,  
 Who hails them with—'how-d'-ye-do'—in the street—  
 Be humble in life—what a stigma 't would be,  
 To be seen by the world in such low company.  
 When a party they give, not a tradesman is there—  
 No weigher of sugar—no dresser of hair—  
 No ladies who throw the steel bar to and fro—  
 No gentleman married—for full well you know  
 That both these sweet misses are dying to wed,  
 And care not how soon they by Hymen are led.  
 If vulgar mechanics were ever allow'd  
 To mingle with fashion's immaculate crowd,  
 And they were, by chance, their professions to name—  
 Oh! how would some people recover their shame?  
 Dear creatures—to fancy esteem can be caught,  
 Like light on a mirror, by beauty alone;  
 That blaze of attraction, where delicate thought  
 On a brow of divinity raises her throne!  
 The world might a lesson these pretty ones' teach—  
 (And acquirements are surely not out of their reach;)  
 That the mind should be shaped to perfection before,  
 The mask of a moment they're bade to adore!  
 A butterfly's wing in its gay colours drest,  
 How beautiful, ere by the finger 'tis prest—  
 But stript of its fine painted feathers—how few  
 Would admire the gay thing as in sunshine it flew!  
 And she, who imagines that beauty—frail thing!—  
 Will always attract, and never take wing—  
 That exquisite features affection will bind  
 Without the sweet charm of a well tutor'd mind,  
 Will find, at the last, to her sorrow, that she,  
 Like the butterfly's wing, disregarded will be!  
 You need not a lesson, dear girl of my heart,  
 To teach thee to play a divinity's part:  
 To charm and be loved thou wert given to me—  
 For knowledge are blended in thee!

WILFORD.

### The Drama.

**SURREY THEATRE.**—The popularity of the novels attributed to Sir Walter Scott, and the success of Mr. Dibdin in adapting them to the stage, attracted a very crowded and elegant audience to this theatre on Wednesday night, to witness the first representation of a new grand melodramatic historical romance, under the title of '*Kenilworth, or the Countess of Leicester*,' founded on the so recently published romance of that name. When Mr. Dibdin produced his '*Heart of Mid Lothian*,' he modestly disclaimed every other merit save that of an amanuensis; but we think that a faithful condensation of the story of the incidents of three volumes into an acting drama of three hours, is entitled to a much high-

er praise, and exhibits great skill and judgment. This is the case with *Kenilworth*, and as the story must be well known to all our readers, we shall not detail it. We need only observe that the tale is closely followed during the whole drama up to the catastrophe, in which Mr. Dibdin has ventured an alteration, which is certainly an improvement. The piece opens with a scene at the Black Bear Inn, is thence transferred to Tony Foster's house, and the whole of the interesting incidents relating to the Countess of Leicester,—her interviews with her lord, with his follower Varney, and Tressilian,—her escape from Cumnor, and her meeting with the Queen in the gardens of Kenilworth, are given in the very language of the romance. The adventures of Tressilian at the inn—with Wayland Smith at Cumnor—at court, and at Kenilworth, are introduced with the same fidelity. The reconciliation of Leicester and Sussex, by the Queen,—her visit to Kenilworth, and her protection of the unfortunate Amy, are all retained in the drama. We now come to the last scene, in which our readers will recollect, that the countess is, by the novelist, made to fall down a trap-door designedly left open from her apartment, into a dreadful abyss below. This scene in the drama is managed with great skill; there is a curiously constructed mechanical staircase, which ascends to the apartments of the countess; Varney, before he lowers the trap-door, goes up to see if the countess is in her room. In the mean time, Janet Foster gets the key, and winds down the trap-door, in order to aid the countess in her escape. Varney, unconscious of it, falls into the snare he had prepared for the countess, and the Earl of Leicester, arriving at the moment, rescues his wife.

The piece, which is got up with great splendour, combines the whole strength of the Surrey company, and is extremely well acted. England's 'Maiden Queen' was admirably personified by Mrs. Dibdin, who looked and acted the character to the life. In her rebukes of the haughty Leicester, her jealousy, and the assertion of her power as Queen of England, she gave great effect. The villain Varney afforded Huntley an excellent opportunity of displaying his talents and judgment. Miss Taylor appeared to much advantage in the Countess of Leicester; the struggle between her affection for her husband and her duty to her father, displayed all that tenderness and

sincerity of heart which she can so well express: her treatment of the miscreant Varney was very spirited, and her interview with the Queen in the garden at Kenilworth, in which the dread of exposing her husband so chastened her indignation at Varney, was admirably performed. Bengough supported the dignity of 'England's proudest earl;' and Fitzwilliam was quite at home in the double character of Lawrence Goldthred, 'the cutting mercer of Abingdon,' and the coxcomb, Nicholas Blount. Wyatt elicited much applause in the braggadocio, Michael Lambourne; and Miss Copeland played Janet Foster very prettily. The other characters were well sustained. The dresses are quite appropriate, and carry us back at once to the 'glorious days of good Queen Bess;' and the scenery is very excellent. The piece was received with immense applause, and will, no doubt, long continue a favourite.

**ADELPHI THEATRE.**—This house has also produced its *Kenilworth*, which is well got up and well played; and, what to the proprietors is of still more importance—is well attended every night.

**EAST LONDON THEATRE.**—The company of this house has lately received a great acquisition in the person of a Mr. Serle, who is acting the prominent characters in the most popular of our standard tragedies. We saw him on Monday evening in the character of Romeo, and were really very much pleased with him. His performance of the character was respectable throughout, and, in some scenes, highly effective. Mrs. Payne's Juliet, also, deserves a very favourable notice; in the last scene, where she recovers from her sleep, she surpassed any thing we could expect to witness in a minor theatre.

### Literature and Science.

**Deafness cured.**—The *Narrateur de la Meuse* states that M. Delau, a doctor of medicine, established at Mibiel, perforated with dexterity and success the *meatus auditorius* on Mademoiselle Bivier, aged sixteen, and the Sieur Toussaint, aged twenty-eight, both till then deaf and dumb. The girl takes notice of the least sounds, and begins to articulate words. She is incessantly humming various airs. The young man hears as well as his comrades, and makes constant efforts to pronounce all



sorts of words. M. Delau is constructing an instrument, which will afford the facility of finishing the operation in three minutes, by which its success will be rendered more certain. By means of this instrument, he will raise on the tympanic membrane substance, enough to prevent the necessity of introducing probes into the perforation during from thirty to forty days. He is of opinion that he can restore the hearing of all those who have been deprived of it by the obstruction of the Eustachian organ, and by the obesity of the membrane of the tympanum.

The editor of the *Monthly Magazine*, who has just completed the fiftieth volume of that excellent periodical, announces a general index to the whole, and a selection of the curious, valuable, and original papers, in five volumes. The index and selections will be published separately.

*Pompeii.*—In prosecuting the excavations of Pompeii, a late traveller, Mr. Williams, informs us, that the streets of the city are getting daily disencumbered. He entered by the Appian Way through a narrow street of small tombs beautifully executed, with the names of the deceased plain and legible. At the gate was a centry-box, in which the skeleton of a soldier was found with a lamp in his hand; after passing into several streets he entered a coffee-house, marks of the cups beings visible on the stone. The streets are lined with public buildings and private houses, most of which have their original painted decorations fresh and entire. The pavement of the streets is much worn by carriage wheels. A surgeon's house, with chirurgical instruments; an ironmonger's shop, where was an anvil and hammer; a sculptor's, and a baker's shop; an oilman's; a wine shop, with money in the till; a school, with a pulpit with steps up to it, in the middle of the apartment; a great theatre, a temple of justice, an amphitheatre, two hundred and twenty feet long; various temples; a barrack for soldiers, the columns of which are scribbled with their names and jests; wells, cisterns, seats, tricliniums, beautiful mosaic altars, inscriptions, and fragments of statues; pipes of terra cotta, to convey the water to the different streets, and stocks for prisoners, in one of which a skeleton was found; are among the many striking vestiges of the arts of ancient Italy. The houses are in general low, not more than ten feet high. The principal streets are about sixteen feet in

width, with side pavements of about three feet; some of the subordinate streets are from six to ten feet wide, with side pavements in proportion; these are occasionally high, and are reached by steps.

We see a new edition of the *Rejected Addresses* is announced. This is one of the most popular works that has been published for many years, more than twenty thousand copies having been sold.

### The Bee.

*'Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,  
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.'*

LUCRETIVS.

*The Oak.*—The use of the oak has been lately revived for the purpose of furniture; and among the fashionable and expensive luxuries of the present day, has become not only the rival of some of the beautiful woods of distant countries, but, in point of expense at least, has acquired a high character. To establish this fact, it is only necessary to mention, that a set of dining-tables, made of English oak, by a London cabinet-maker, brought the enormous sum of 600l. sterling.

One of the Covent Garden actors, who has lately been on a *strolling expedition* in the country, cautioned the ladies, in one of his bills, not to fall in love with him, as it always hurt his *benefit*, by making the gentlemen *jealous* of him.

*Episcopal Benevolence.*—Richard de Berry, Bishop of Durham, in the reign of Edward III., had every week eight quarters of wheat made into bread for the poor, besides his alms-dishes, fragments of his house, and large sums of money which he bestowed in his journeys.

West, Bishop of Ely, in 1552, fed two hundred poor people daily at his gates: and the Lord Cromwell usually the same number.

Robert of Winchelsea gave, every Friday and Saturday, a loaf of bread of a farthing price to every beggar that came to his door. Stowe says the loaf was sufficient for the day. In time of dearth, there were usually five thousand applicants, and in a plentiful time not less than four thousand loaves were distributed on a day.

### TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

*'THE FAMILY TRUNK,'* No. III., Poetical Portraits, and Auld Dominie, in our next.

The favours of J. R. P., Alpheus, and J. W., as early as possible.

We forgot to state that the *'Address to the Sun,'* in No. 88 of the *Literary Chronicle*, was

from Ossian's Carthon. We thank Ullin for reminding us of it.

In answer to D. D., who so grossly designates the conductors of a well-known magazine an 'infamous set of liars and blaguards,' we refer him to the articles which occasioned the 'Literary Squabble,' and entreat him to make himself acquainted with the nature of a dispute before he ventures to *decide upon it*.

\* \* \* The full price will be given by our Publisher, for saleable copies of No. 87 of the *Country Literary Chronicle*. Both Editions of The *Literary Chronicle* becoming very scarce, regular Subscribers are advised to complete their sets without delay.

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